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SUNSET. LAURA GLEVE-
LAND GAYLORD. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀



he sun, setting,
bathed the plain
in a glory of
golden light that
spread and
spread until it
reached the grey

old pile of the convent on the
hill above. Little pink and
tawny clouds floated lightly
through the blue, and the mists
on the hills were tinged with
delicate hues of rose and amber.

By the vine-clad wall below
the convent stood a novice,
the light of the evening dwell-
ing upon her and touching her
fresh calm face tenderly with
its glow.

Long she stood in silence,
gazing over the city in the
plain to the light beyond, then
with a sudden movement she
clasped her hands on her breast.

"How beautiful it is, dear
sister," she murmured, in a
voice like a cooing dove. "See
how the light pours over the
plain. It is as if the gates of
Heaven were open and one might
look in and see the glory of the
angels, nay, perhaps even the
Holy Mother herself with the
Child."

At her words a nun who had
been sitting by came and
stood at her side. She was no
older than the other, but while
one face bloomed with the inno-
cent freshness of a child, the
other, no less smooth, but dark-
er, showed signs of passion and
of pain. The full lips were hard
at the corners, the black brows

lowered over eyes that held
nothing of peace. They were
dull and listless, and a dark
line showed beneath them.

"Is it not beautiful, sister?"
breathed the novice again.

The nun looked across the
glowing plain.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she
said slowly. "It is like
gold and fire,—fire that burns
with scorching liquid flames."

Her low voice stopped, and
her hands went on with the
knitting that they held, while
her eyes dwelt on the sunset.

"There is a bay," she began
again, "a tiny bay, just a
curve in the shore of the Medi-
terranean. And there is a village
on the shore, with a slope above
covered with olives, and the sky
and sea there are more blue than
anywhere else in the world.
The sea breaks in a long white
line along the shore, and when
the sun sets the little fishing-
boats with their painted sails
come tilting in like wild sea-
birds. One watches them from
the top of the slope."

She stopped with a sharp in-
drawing of the breath. The
novice, looking up, found her
gazing with great dazed eyes
like a sleep-walker, while her
busy hands went on with the
knitting.

"The sunsets there are like fire
and gold, and all the waves
go flame-tipped in the radiance."

Her hushed voice rose a little.
And then the splendor dies
and the black clouds rise,
heavy and low, and cover all the
blue. Then the wind blows,
and

and the little fishing-boats scud in, and it is chill and dark on the slope."

She covered her eyes with her hands.

"It is dark on the slope," she whispered, "dark on the slope, and a child cries. Sister," she went on, hurriedly, with a change of voice, "if you were a baby boy, quite a little boy, and you never had a mother, never heard her name nor knew her face, what would you think? Would you feel it strange? Would you be unhappy not to know your mother? Would you put up your tiny hands sometimes in the dark and feel for her, and then when you never found her, would you turn your little soft face into the pillow and cry until you went to sleep? Ah-h—"

She dashed her hands from her eyes, and the novice, cowering against the wall, saw the dark color mount to her cheeks, saw her eyes, listless no longer, burning like fire.

"And if you were a man, how would you feel then? Ah, it is wonderful to be a man, querida, a strong, broad-shouldered, beautiful man, and to go swinging through the world with a song on your lips and a laugh in your eyes. The air is sweet to your nostrils, and the golden noons and the cool soft nights hold only delight for you. And you whistle for what you want, querida, you whistle for what you want."

Her voice, still low, had taken an exultant note. Little pul-

ses beat in her throat, her lips were crimson.

"Yes, you whistle for what you want, querida, and so great is the pleasure of giving to such as you that none withholds the slightest thing that you ask—nor even the greatest, querida. Dark, what is that?" she cried, suddenly, clutching the novice with fingers that shook, yet hurt in their hold.

Far down the slope beneath them sounded the clear notes of a whistled tune, a wild air, with strange intervals and a curious oft-repeated refrain.

"Hush," whispered the nun in a strained voice "He always broke at the turn. Ah-h—" she paused with a shuddering breath as the whistler, essaying a curious bird-like turn, failed and stopped and tried again, going over it triumphantly and finishing the tune, only to begin again.

"He is coming," whispered the nun. "He is coming! We shall see him when he reaches the turn in the road. Oh, if it were not so dark! The dusk is so swift! Can you see the turn by the poplar, sister? Is it too dark?"

"It is not too dark, sister," faltered the novice. "You can still see."

"He is coming!" panted the other.

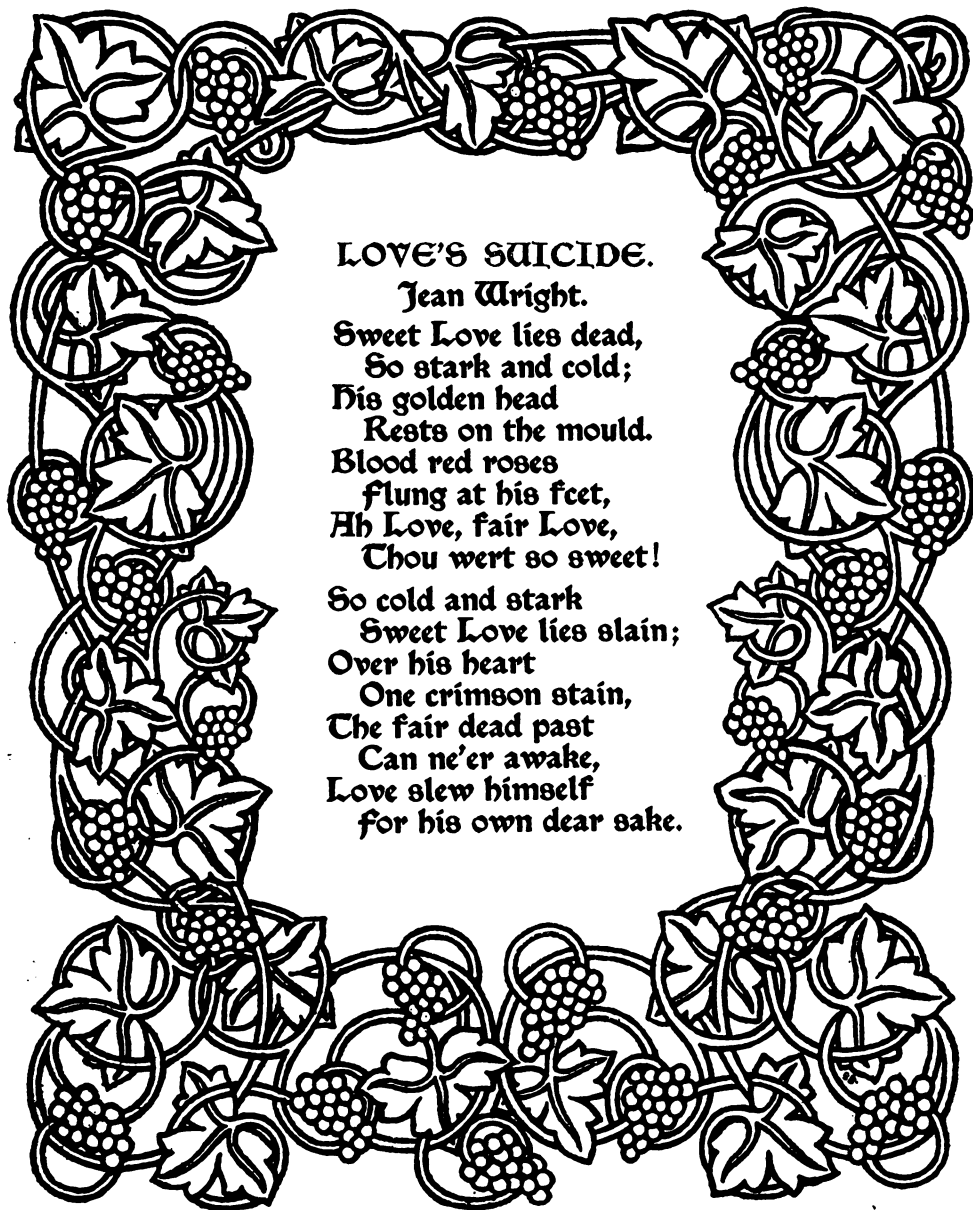
The clear notes came nearer. The whistler tried the difficult turn, mastered it, gave it again, ending in a rush of notes of wild sweetness, as through the parting of the trees at the turn

turn of the road came a gipsy boy driving a donkey-cart full of pots and pans.

The nun glared fiercely for a moment, while an ashen pallor crept over her face, then with a gasping cry she fled

from the spot, leaving the novice, crouching by the wall, to tell her beads in terror.

The gipsy boy, coming slowly up the road, fell to practicing the turn again.



LOVE'S SUICIDE.

Jean Wright.

Sweet Love lies dead,
So stark and cold;
His golden head
Rests on the mould.
Blood red roses
flung at his feet,
Ah Love, fair Love,
Thou wert so sweet!

So cold and stark
Sweet Love lies slain;
Over his heart
One crimson stain,
The fair dead past
Can ne'er awake,
Love slew himself
for his own dear sake.